

The Rutland Herald.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER ONE AND INSEPARABLE."—JEFFERSON.

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The Rutland Herald.

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POETRY.

LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH.

From "The Reliquary" by Edward and Lucy Boston.

They are who deem love's lightest hour
In blooming youth is known;
In parent, tenderest, holiest power
In later life is shown.
When passion's fire and sublimed
To deeper years are given;
And earth and earthy things are viewed
In light that breaks from Heaven.
It is not in the flush of youth,
Or days of cloudless mirth,
We feel the tenderness and truth
Of love's devoted worth.
Life then is like a tranquil stream,
Which flows in sunshine bright,
And objects gleam in it as seen
To share its sparkling light.
"Tis when the howling winds arise,
And life is like the ocean;
When mountain billows leave the sky
Laid by the storm's commotion;
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud,
And thunder peals around us,
"Tis then we feel our spirits bowed
By loneliness around us.
Oh! then, as to the woman's sight
The beam's trembling ray
Surveys for the first time
Of summer's cloudless day,
Few such to tried and wounded hearts
In manhood's later years,
The gentle light true love imparts
To beam on sorrow, care, and tears.
In manhood's mists of joy bereft
Their fresh bright brightness fling,
And show that life has something left
To which their hopes may cling;
It steals upon the sick at heart,
The desolate in soul,
To bid their doubts and fears depart,
And point a brighter goal.
Hush! be hush! the triumph power
Of spirits touched by time,
Oh! who shall doubt its power
Of happiness sublime?
In youth 'tis like a meteor's gleam
Which dazzles and sweeps by;
In after-life its splendors seem
Linked with eternity!

Miscellany.

TRENTON FALLS. On one of the balmyest mornings that ever broke, we descended the rude steps leading to the bed of the Trenton Falls. We reached the bottom, and stood upon the broad, solid floor, a hundred feet down in the very heart of the rock; and my first feelings were those of astonishment at the sublime grandeur of the scene. In a few minutes we stood before the first fall. The whole volume of the river here descends fifty feet at a single leap. The basin which receives it is worn into a deep, circular abyss, and the dizzy whirl and tumult of the water is almost overpowering. We ascended at the side, and at a level with the top of the fall, passed under an immense shelf, overhanging us almost at the height of a cloud; and advancing a little further, the whole grand sweep of the river was before us. It was a scene of which I had never before any conception, and I confess myself inadequate to describe it. To stand in the bed of a torrent, which flows for miles through a solid rock, at more than a hundred feet below the surface; to look at this tremendous gorge, and see, as far as the eye can stretch, a river rushing on with amazing velocity, leaping at every few rods over a fall, and sinking into whirlpools and sweeping round projecting rocks constantly and violently; to see this, and then look up as from the depths of the earth to the giant walls that confine it, piled apparently to the very skies, this is a sensation to which no language that would not seem ridiculous hyperbole could do justice.

When the first surprise is over, and the mind has become familiar in a degree with the majestic scope of the whole, there is something delightfully tranquillizing in its individual features. We spent the whole day in loitering idly up the stream, stopping at every fall, and every wild sweep of the narrow passes, and testing by the side of every gentle declivity where the water shot smoothly down with a surface as polished as if its arduous velocity were the sleep of a transparent fountain. There is nothing more beautiful than water. Look at it when you will—in any of its thousand forms, in motion or at rest—dripping from the moss of a spring, or leaping in the thunder of cataract—it has always the same wonderful, expressing beauty. Its clear transparency, the grace of its every possible motion, the brilliant shine of its foam, and its majestic march in the flood, are matched unaltered by no other element. Who has not "bleamed it unaware?" If objects that meet the eye have any effect upon our happiness, water is among the first of human blessings. It is the gladdest thing under heaven. The inspired writers use it constantly as an image for gladness, and crystal waters is the beautiful type of the Apocalypse for the joy of the New Jerusalem. I bless God, for its daily usefulness; but it is an every day blessing, that its splendours are unnoticed. Take a child to it, and he claps his little hands with delight; and present it to any one in a new form, and his senses are bewildered. The man of warm imagination, who looks for the first time on Niagara, feels an impulse to leap in, which is almost irresistible. What is it but a delirious fascination—the same spell which, in the loveliness of woman, or the glory of a sunset cloud, draws you to the one, and makes you long for the golden wings of the other?

I trust I shall be forgiven for this digression. It is one of feeling. I have loved the water from my

childhood. It has cheered me of my sorrow when a homesick boy, and I have lain beside it in the summer day when an idle student, and deliciously forgot my dry philosophy. It has always the same pure flow, the same low music, and is always ready to bear away your thoughts upon its bosom, like the Hindu's barque of flowers, to an imaginative heaven.—Hill.

From the Rhode Island Journal.

Hardly a paper has come to land of late, but it from the North or the South, the East or the West, but that upon opening it we find glaring at us in capitals, with a due accompaniment of exclamation points, the words Indian Hostilities! Indian Murders! Indian Cruelties! Indian Depredations! Indian Warfare! Indian Conflagration! Indian Massacres! with a long list of et ceteras, and appended thereto, thrilling accounts of the outrages committed by them, depicted in the most glowing colors, in order to work upon our sensibilities, excite our sympathies, and call forth an outpouring of direful woes and unmeasured indignation upon the heads of not merely the perpetrators thereof, but all bearing the same name, or connected therewith by the ties of consanguinity.

Far be it from us to countenance the misdeeds of the red man, or to say aught that may be construed into an approval of the havoc and desolation the wretchedness and distress, which he has occasioned.

But after due deliberation, after a serious consideration of the matter after examining it in all its bearings and dependencies, we can come to no other conclusion than that the ignorant, the friendless, the misguided sons of the forest are more "sinned against than sinning."

The truth is, in most of the occurrences that transpire between them and the whites, we bear but one side of the question; and that told to us, not by an impartial observer or narrator, but by one who is anxious to deal justly and act uprightly but by the contending power, who viewed in the most favorable light possible, is interested to bend truth and justice in its own favor; and too generally is composed of such materials, that every thing, not excepting truth and justice, must be sacrificed to its base and selfish purposes.

We must remember that the Indian has no one to recount his wrongs; he has not the medium of a public press, through which to rebut the charges brought against him; our whole nation may be roused up in opposition to him, by the vile and slanderous accusations that the mercenary speculator or the heartless trader may promulgate, and he remains as utterly ignorant of the charges, as he is completely innocent of the crimes or misdeeds alleged against him.

The white man may burn his wigwags, devastate his hunting grounds, render useless his fishing spots, cheat him out of his possessions, and all this he must bear in silence; or if, goaded on by repeated insults and injuries, he presumes to offer resistance, or seeks retaliation, these reckless murderers and pillagers become his accusers, judges, jurors, executioners.

If an Indian by way of redressing his grievances, makes an incursion into the border settlements of the whites, or if, from the depravity of his nature or the stimulus of his corrupt habits, he should do that which thousands among us are daily guilty of—convert the property of others to his own use—the fact is blown forth in the prints, from one end of the Union to the other; the tocsin is sounded, and an indiscriminate war is waged against all that can be encountered; and this done by the civilized white man, who thinks it strange, indeed that the unenlightened red man should endeavor to redress the indignities he has suffered, when where, and in the most summary manner that he can.

If a hog be burnt, or a horse stolen, or a few human beings are taken captives, or insulted, perhaps innocent, perhaps merited victims to their vindictive fury, papers, pamphlets, books are issued into being, to recount the wrongs; the intelligence is listened to by every ear, is dwelt upon by every tongue, and becomes familiar as household words to all throughout the land. Parents at length cherish the same spirit of animosity against the Indians that Amilcar did against the Romans, and their children resolve, if they do not, Annibal like, swear, never to be at peace with them.

But how many tribes have been swept from the face of the earth—how many noble chieftains, with their wives and families, have been butchered or doomed to a bondage worse than death, without the least inquiry being made respecting the justice or rather gross injustice of their fate! How many have endured all that Logan endured, fell all that he felt, without his gift of utterance, powers of eloquence, ability to make a pathetic appeal to the better feelings of our nature! How many proud sons of the forest are there, at this day, who could they make their voices heard, and there language intelligible to us, would cause many a one among those standing in high places to turn pale, and tremble for the safety of their reputations!

What a black array of "mighty wrongs and petty perfidies" would they display to our mental vision. What treaties framed but to be broken—what pledges given but never redeemed—what promises made, but never fulfilled, would they point out to us! What vile practices, what gross abuses, what low deceptions, what base treacheries, would they tell up, that they have been, and still are, subjected to! How might they cause to ring in our ears the account of the base ingratitude returned by us and our forefathers, on them and their progenitors, for the many kindnesses received in early times at their hands! How might they heap woe of fire upon our heads, by contrasting the conduct of the eastern savage, as we charitably term him, with the christian white man, as we, par excellence! designate ourselves.

Peace!—It is so seldom that we win peace!—So seldom! Do we ever win it? The statesman, who devotes his youth to the struggle of ambition—the inventor of mechanical improvements, who starves his own generation to bestow invaluable benefits on the next—the fond idealist, who dreams restlessly through his youth, and dies on happy in his old age—the man of the world, whose narrow heart is full of busy vanities—all look forward to its enjoyment; but when life passes (I

speech of successful lives!) and when the statesman has won power, and the inventor—when the utilitarian has realized a shadowy portion of some single plan—when the poet is letted, flattered, and caressed—and the man of the world has become an oracle in his own little circle—peace is still a distant dream. Old age creeps on, into the narrow bond of a few feeble years they crowd all that youth's fond energies were to have achieved. The arm of destiny urges them forward they totter to the grave. Ah! Death's curtain falls on hopes half fulfilled; plans half realized; energies weakened, but still at work—it is over! Life is over, and peace is yet unwon!—Hill's Review.

THE GENTLEMEN IN THE OTHER ROOM.

A collector of subscribers, for a book or other publication, called at the store of a well known druggist to solicit his subscription. The store which is elegantly fitted up as provided at the far end with two windows—or what appeared to be windows—of looking glass. Between them is a door that opens into the back yard. But the first impression of a person coming into the store and not being aware of the deception in the mirrors, is that there is another room beyond.

In this way our collector of names was deceived. Having used his best powers, of persuasion in vain upon Dr. P., the druggist; and seeing the reflection of the Doctor's person in one of the mirrors, he said, "but so standing that he could not see his own—he said, 'perhaps the gentlemen in the other room will subscribe.'"

"I think it likely," said the Doctor, who is fond of a joke, "he's a great reader to my certain knowledge, and takes a variety of publications of one kind or other."

"I'll try him, any how," said the man of subscriptions. And thereupon gathering up his papers, and putting them under his arm, he marched, with high hopes and raised expectations, to the back door, which he found open with a confident flourish, he had mistaken the nature of the premises. He poked his head through the door—turning it first to the right, and then to the left, to look for the two windows which had so deceived him—Finding no windows there, it began to occur to him that the "gentlemen in the other room" was no other than the doctor himself; which reflection wrought upon him, that he hauled in his head and closing the door, and wheeling about he walked "like a streak of lightning" into the street, and has not been heard of since.—N. Y. Trans.

A FRACAS.—The following appears in a New York paper as an extract of a letter from Ohio:

"I was in Detroit week before last, and witnessed rather an unpleasant encounter between his excellency S. T. Mason, Governor of Michigan, and Gen. Dayton of Ohio. A conversation arose relative to the boundary line and the admission of Michigan, &c. and from some remarks that Gen. B. inadvertently dropped while dining at the American Hotel, Mason drew the carving knife and made attempt to hurt him. Gen. B. saw his movement in time to ward off the blow—took the knife from him—threw him on the floor, put his foot on him and tore his coat to pieces—then throwing him into the street, sent a loaded horse-whip and gave him a severe flagellation, which soon cooled his ire."

Political.

WHAT IS CONSISTENCY?

We have always, hitherto, supposed that to be consistent, one should adhere to his own avowed principles. It is the rant of the desertor—and almost always nothing but cant—when a man separates from his party, that his party has left him. They are wrong: he is right. Now the individual who hopes to preserve consistency or the reputation of it, in this way, deceives himself; but he deceives no one else. We have said that the virtue of consistency is in an adherence to principles. "Measures, not men," is one of the axioms that are ever true; if it be faithfully applied, to guide the judgment on political actions, a free people cannot be enslaved.

If Messrs. Hallist and Barker were sincere in their denunciations, as well of the policy of Mr. Van Buren as of his ambition, expressed in the brief but pungent paragraphs given below, it would seem that they must have deserted their principles, and, therefore, lost their consistency. For Van Buren has changed neither himself, nor his policy. But, evidently, there is a change somewhere; otherwise those gentlemen could not be so busy laboring to promote the succession of the "High Priest of Political Intrigue." Where, and in whom, the change has been wrought, not many need to be informed.

Spit of 76.

From the State Journal.

In 1831, as Editor of the Middlebury Free Press Mr. Barber used this language:

"If there ever was a party which reckons the Van Buren system of politics, it is the Antislavery party. Its whole influence and efforts, are cast into the scale, to destroy that system; and for one, we are ready to say that when it (Antislavery) shall have DEGENERATED into the CORRUPTIONS OF VAN BURENISM we will not only desert it, but OPPOSE it as uncomprehendingly as we can to FREEDOMISM."

In the same year, Mr. Hallist, Editor of the Boston Advertiser, notified Martin Van Buren's return from England as follows:

"Hon. Martin Van Buren has arrived at New York from Europe. He comes at an inopportune time for the princely reception which his large subjects of New York had prepared for him. The Cholera will be an overmatch even for the Magician. It seems to have come just in time to save the citizens of New York from the degradation of having the Freedom of their city laid at the feet of the HIGH PRIEST OF POLITICAL INTRIGUE."

Three persons who think Mr. Van Buren's prospects flattering must be insane. Look at Tennessee which Gen. Jackson has actually ruled with absolute sway. She rejects the favorite of the old man, with unexampled unanimity. Look at Pennsylvania, which never has supported Mr. Van

Buren and never will. If the General cannot control these two states where his personal influence has been almost successful, what hope can be reasonably entertained of his successful interference in other states, which have always resisted his designs. We say it fearlessly, Mr. Van Buren can not be elected President. He has lost his federal states in New England who support him because he opposed Mr. Madison's National Bank. —Ath. Wsig.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Packet.

Sir:—I perceive that some of your Southern papers do not speak with much exactness of the members of the Executive of the State of Pennsylvania. The signs of the times would justify, in this particular, has been rapidly and the success will continue to increase until the election when it will sweep all before it.

It may be within your knowledge that a large portion of the original friends of Gen. Jackson were favorable to a charter being granted by Pennsylvania to the Bank of the United States and that this position have become more and more discredited by the interference of the national administration to prevent the charter—and by the vulgar domination by the Globe of the Feudalists who deemed it their duty to promote the interest of the State by voting for the continuance of the Bank within its borders.—This was regarded at the time as a matter for a State consideration in which the national administration should not have taken any part—and their indecency on this occasion will cost Mr. Van Buren a great many thousand votes.

You may also know, that during the contest for Governor, Gen. Jackson gave a most highly complimentary to Governor Wolf, which at the time caused some irritation on the part of the friends of Mr. Mulborough—and this has recently been increased by the appointment of the ex-Governor, comptroller of the treasury.—This circumstance will also diminish the number of Mr. Van Buren's votes.

Besides, most of the volunteers who served under Van Buren when we were fighting the battles of our country under our brave old General!—Was not Van Buren at the same time opposing Madison and the War?

Take then the Jackson men friendly to the Bank—the dissatisfied friends of Mulborough—the volunteers who served under Harrison during the war—and add them to all the Whigs and all the abolitionists in the State, and you will find a large majority in favor of the Western States and Mulborough.—His friends are in high spirits and confident of victory—while his opponents are discouraged and depressed—I would therefore not be surprised at a majority of from thirty to fifty thousand for the old veteran.

Let us know through your paper, the prospects for the good cause in Maryland and Virginia—you need have no fears for Pennsylvania and Ohio—the majorities in both States will annihilate the most sanguine friends.

A NATIVE WHIG.

Leviston, Pa. July 14, 1836.

The amount of Public Money in the several deposite banks on the second instant, was forty millions two hundred and thirty thousand five hundred and seventy six dollars and eighteen cents.

Treasury Department, Aug. 2, 1836.

In conformity with the resolution of the Senate, passed July 1st 1836, directing that "during the ensuing recess of Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury cause to be published at the commencement of each month, a statement of the amount of money in the treasury subject to draft, and also the amount standing to the credit of disbursing officers," the undersigned hereby gives notice that "the amount of money in the treasury subject to draft," as shown by the running account of the Treasurer, was on the 1st instant, \$3,551,845 dollars 95 cents, and "the amount standing to the credit of disbursing officers," as shown by the latest returns received was \$3,675,733 dollars 23 cents.

LEVI WOODBERRY.

Sec. of the Treasury.

Banks. Two new Banks, or joint stock Companies, are about to go into operation in Canada, under the auspices and direction of sundry gentlemen of this state and the Canadian one of which is to be seated at Waterloo, opposite Black Rock, and the other at Point Abino, about twenty miles up the lake. Both these institutions, so far as our knowledge extends, will be under the control of individuals who are considered among the most respectable in our community—and we doubt not will be conducted in such a manner as to insure the utmost security to resources of their affairs.—Buffalo Journal.

THE ZODIAC. This monthly periodical, which is devoted to science, literature and the arts, has entered upon its second year. Gen. Holsten, distinguished formerly as an officer under Napoleon and now as a man of letters, has become one of its publishers, and will continue to enrich its contents with his collections of men, battles, and of books. Its Editor, M. H. Webster, Esq. is a gentleman of taste and talents.—Albany Journal.

The Boston Herald says:—We learn that a dandy was taken up under the dog act yesterday—the officer insisting that he was a puppy.

It is stated in the N. York Commercial that young Robinson has gone to fight the "Mexicans." We are glad of it, perhaps he will meet as that handle the powder which has been denied him by a civil tribunal.

Tanner's bark was never known so high as Philadelphia, as at present, Spanish Sea breezes 20 to \$22 dollars a week, current \$15.

A man "down east" recently sold his wife for \$25 and threw in three children to boot.

A fellow in Ohio, who was recently taken up by the Tories as a traitor against Gen. Harrison, has run away, and nobody has been able to catch him. Isn't he a "swift squire?"

From the Vermont Phoenix.

GEN. WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

States. Let me make use of your late paper's question, "What is Gen. Harrison?" I answer, he is the son of a man who was the sign of the Declaration of Independence, a man who has lived every responsible office and always discharged their duties faithfully. He has seen the service of all the Presidents of the United States except Gen. Jackson, by whom he was with a multitude of other faithful and capable men removed from office on mere pretence. He was the first delegate in Congress from that portion of our country west of the Alleghenies and resident in the Ohio. He was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, Governor of the Territory of Indiana in 1801.

By Mr. Madison, Governor in Chief of the North-western Army in 1812. In the following year, a member of Congress elected by the Legislature of Ohio a Senator of the U. States in 1817, and

By J. Q. Adams, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia in 1819.

And nominated by Congress to the People in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, New York, Indiana, Illinois, Delaware, Connecticut and Vermont, and by the Legislature of Kentucky. In the language of Mr. Storv of Ohio, in the final Congress:

"It was when that now populous State (Ohio) was an unbroken forest, when her now fertile soil was untillled, and the stars of heaven shone upon the solitude of a treeless wilderness, that General Harrison, then in the flower of his youth, left the home of his infancy, the comforts, the pleasures, the consolations of family and friends, and united himself with the army of the north-west, immediately after the defeat of St. Clair. It was no momentary impulse which prompted him to cross your rugged mountains and hazard his life in an enterprise, where none but his immediate associates could witness his valor—and if he fell, none but his fellow soldiers could perform the last sad offices of friendship. He was but the germ of that chivalric spirit, which, in after years, expanded in all its fullness and power, and in the midst of trial, and doubt and danger, whither cheered by the voice of friends or assailed by the bitterness of enemies, had proudly sustained him."

In Dec. 1793, Harrison, then a lieutenant, was despatched with other officers, by Gen. Wayne, to take possession of the battle ground of St. Clair. The duty was performed and the remains of more than 600 brave men who fell in that bloody encounter, were collected and interred on the spot where Fort Recovery was afterwards built.

In the decisive victory at the Maumee in 1794, Harrison served as Aid-de-Camp to Wayne and received the most flattering encomiums from his commander; that victory was obtained under the guns of a British fort, against a savage force, led by warlike and talented chiefs, and aided by their British allies. Here our youthful soldier laid the foundation of that military skill, which afterwards on the same field, in the trenches of Fort Meigs, displayed itself in all its beauty. The siege of that fortress is a bright era in our annals."

The battle of Tippecanoe is matter of history. When Gen. Harrison was called into the field he was Governor of the Indiana Territory; and such was the confidence of President Madison in his military qualifications, that a regiment of regular troops, and one too which specialized itself afterwards, was placed under his command. This little army, in addition to that regiment, was composed of several companies of Indiana militia, a small corps of mounted riflemen, and a troop of horse from Kentucky. The officers that led these brave men were distinguished by their talent and valor; and when in the stillness of the night, the crack of the rifle broke upon their slumbers, they sprang with their comrades into the midst of the fight. There was no flinching there; it was a glorious though a bloody field; when with a force of 700 men, more than 900 well armed and desperate savages were compelled to give way; and the fact that such perfect order and discipline prevailed throughout that scene of carnage, exhibits in the strongest light the talent and firmness of that gallant soldier whose voice, to use the language of one who fought by his side, was heard whenever danger was most pressing, above the noise of the battle."

When afterwards an attempt was made to bully the well gained fame of Harrison for this victory, "the people of Ky. paid a memorable tribute to the Hero of Tippecanoe. In Dec. 1811, by a solemn vote of the Legislature of Kentucky, while her members were in mourning for the loss of the gallant spirits who fell fighting for their country, a resolution was passed as follows:

Resolved, That in the late campaign against the Indians on the Wabash, Gen. Wm. H. Harrison has in the opinion of the Legislature, behaved like a hero, a patriot, and a general; and that for his cool, deliberate, faithful and gallant conduct in the late battle of Tippecanoe, he well deserves the warmest thanks of the Nation."

This was the language of the best and boldest of Kentucky's activity, while her legislative halls were lying with mourning, and when if any animus feeling existed against Gen. Harrison, it would have been dispelled. It was the warm, the enthusiastic expression of generous feeling, spurring the advance of those who would check its course, and fully asserting what it believed."

When afterwards the celebrated Tecumseh had planned a system of operations, in conjunction with the chiefs of the central and northwestern Indians, which required the most profound knowledge of Indian policy and temperament, Gen. Harrison displayed his sagacity in an eminent degree, and completely subdued the turbulent spirit of those Indian tribes."

"When the news of the war with Great Britain reached the west, the hero of Tippecanoe was at his post, ready to bind on his sword again. Early in August the Governor of Kentucky sent to him by express, requesting his presence at Frankfort without delay. On his arrival he was immediately manifested as to the disposition of the Kentucky militia to defend the north-west; although these troops were commanded high in rank in his own state; yet following out the host of public sentiment and by the advice of Shelby, Col. H. M. Johnson and others, Gen. Scott who had been a revolutionary soldier, conferred on Harrison the highest commission of Major Gen. of the Kentucky militia, and appointed him to lead her brave troops to the frontier. This distinguished honor, thus bestowed upon him after the battle on the Wabash, was the profound tribute ever paid to merit. It was no ordinary compliment to be selected by a gallant